

### Mercury a Morning Star.

TO-MORROW the shy planet Mercury goes from the evening into the morning sky. It has been lingering near the sun for two weeks past, unnoticed except by astronomers. To-morrow evening there will be an attractive meeting of Venus and the new moon, which everybody may behold. Venus will be about four degrees north of the lunar crescent.

## The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF MYSTERY,  
LOVE AND ROMANCE.

Tom's End Seems Near Though Pearl and the Spider Are Trying Hard to Save Him.



Tom waits, expecting death any moment.

(Novellized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode II.

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CURIOUSLY enough, Pearl did not lose consciousness, terrified though the shock was. She lay still just an instant, under the litter of plaster and laths—then the thick smoke and the dust became insufferable and she struggled to extricate herself.

As she rose, battered and bruised, from the debris, she saw the "Spider" lying motionless not far from her, and bent over him. His heart was still beating, but faintly, and his eyes were closed. Tearing away the odds and ends under which he was half buried, she half dragged, half carried him from the ruined dwelling.

Where but a few moments before a charming Summer cottage had stood, now only one portion of a wall was left, and even as Pearl dragged the "Spider" beyond its shadow, it, too, collapsed completely covering the spot where they had been.

It seemed as though Fate had

## DO YOU KNOW THAT—

The first artesian well to be bored in Europe of which data are available is the tube well at Grenelle in France, which was sunk by the French Government between 1821 and 1841 in the hope of obtaining a sufficient supply of water for Paris. The depth is 1,795 feet, at which level a prolific supply of water was reached, giving an overflow at the surface of 600 gallons per minute.

Many modern magnets for magneto ignition apparatus contain from 5 to 6 per cent of tungsten and from 5 to 7 per cent of carbon. The heat treatment of magnet steel is totally different to that of high-speed steel. The temperatures must not be so high, or the permanence will be affected.

A grinder that reclaims shrapnel shells has recently been adopted by munition manufacturers for the purpose of removing the imperfections from the inside of the steel cases.

Scientists state that a flowering plant abstracts from the soil two hundred times its own weight in water during its life.

## Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish ..... **PEARL WHITE**  
Richard Carslake ..... **Warner Oland**  
The High Priestess ..... **Ruby Hoffman**  
Tom Carleton ..... **Henry Gsell**

taken a hand to save them from disaster.

Hurrying toward a mountain stream that she knew to be near by, Pearl placed the "Spider" on the bank, and began to throw water upon him. He came around almost at once, since he was quite unharmed and was suffering only from shock. Whereupon, finding him able to look after himself, Pearl turned swiftly with an anguished face and started for the ruins again.

"Where are you going?" called the "Spider" sitting up.

"To look for—Tom!" answered Pearl, through dry lips.

There was a hideous weight at her heart. She had heard the last wall fall with a sickening thud—had seen the cloud of smoke and flame leap skyward from the ruins, and all hope of finding Tom alive beneath that wreck had died within her.

A Sad Memento.

Wearily she staggered back to the spot where her cottage had stood and began to ferret among the debris with her hands, unmindful of the smoke or flames. And by some strange chance she came upon Tom's watch and chain lying just where it had fallen during his fight with the Arabs.

"Tom, Tom," she whispered, closing her eyes and holding the precious trinket close. It was like a last message from him—this intimate personal belonging—this thing that had been always with him.

She opened the back of the watch and tears welled up in her great blue eyes. For the picture of the other girl was gone and her own face smiled out at her now.

She felt as though she had spoken from beyond the grave to tell her that he had loved her, after all.

With eyelids closed, she threw back her head and whispered:

"Oh, he did love me! He did love me! Why, why have you taken him?"

No answer sounded through the silent woods. She reeled and fell among the smoking ruins, sobbing violently.

Meanwhile a detachment of the forest constabulary was drawing

## You Will Find "The Vampire" a Gripping Serial—Don't Miss It



# Madazine Page



## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE By BRAM STOKER.

PART I—(Continued).

"N OT so," he answered. "Well I know that, did I move about in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am noble; I am boyar; the common people know me for a master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one; men know him not—and to know not is to care not for. I am content if I am like the rest, so that he may stop if he sees me, or pause in his speaking if he hears my words. 'Ha, ha! a stranger!' I have been so long a master that I would be master still—or at least that none other should be master of me. You come to me not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You shall, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation; and I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest, in my speaking. I am sorry that I had to be away so long today; but you will I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand."

Of course I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come into that room when I chose. He answered: "Yes, certainly," and added:

"You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and did you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand." I said I was sure of this, and then he went on:

"We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways; and there shall be to you many strange things. Nay, from what you have told me of your experiences already, you know something of what strange things there may be."

THE COUNT ANSWERS QUESTIONS FRANKLY.

This led to much conversation; and as it was evident that he wanted to talk, if only for talking's sake, I asked him many questions regarding things that had already happened to me or come within my notice. Sometimes he shewed off the subject, or turned the conversation by pretending not to understand; but generally he answered all I asked most frankly. Then as time went on, and I had got somewhat bolder, I asked him of some of the strange things of the preceding night, as, for instance, why the coachman went to the place where he had seen the blue flames. He then explained to me that it was commonly believed that on a certain night of the year—last night, in fact, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway—a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed.

"That treasure has been hidden," he went on, "in the region through which you came last night, there can be but little doubt; for it was the ground fought over for centuries by the Wallachian, the Saxon, and the Turk. Why, there is hardly a foot of soil in all this region that has not been enriched by the blood of men, patriots or invaders."

"In old days there were stirring times, when the Austrian and the Hungarian came up in horde, and the patriots went out to meet them—men, women, the aged, and the children, too—and waited their coming on the rocks above the passes, that they might sweep destruction on them with their artificial avalanches. When the invaders were triumphant he found but little for whatever there was had been sheltered in the friendly soil."

DECLARES PEASANTS ARE COWARDS AND FOOLS.

"But how," said I, "can it have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?" The Count smiled, and as his lips cankered over his gums, the long sharp canine teeth showed out strangely; he answered:

"Because your peasant is at heart a coward and a fool! Those flames

only appear on one night; and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. And, dear sir, even if he did he would not know what to do. Why, even the peasant that you tell me of who marked the place of the flame would not know where to look in look in daylight even for his own work. Even you would not, I dare be sworn, be able to find these places again."

"There you are right," I said. "I know no more than the dead where even to look for them." Then we drifted into other matters.

"Come," he said at last, "tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me." With an apology for my ramblings, I went into my own room to get the papers from my bag. Whilst I was placing them in order I heard a rattling of china and silver in the next room, and as I passed through, noticed that the table had been cleared and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study or library, and I found the Count lying on the sofa, reading, of all things in the world, an English Bradshaw's Guide. When I came in he cleared the books and papers from the table, and with him I went into plans and deeds and figures of all sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me a myriad of questions about the place and its surroundings. He clearly had studied beforehand all he could get on the subject of the neighborhood, for he evidently at the end knew very much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered:

"Well, but, my friend, is it not needful that I should? When I go there I shall be all alone, and my friend Harker Jonathan—may, pardon me, I fall into my country's habit of putting your patronymic first—my friend Jonathan Harker will not be by my side to correct me. He will be in Exeter, miles away, probably working at papers of the law with my other friend, Peter Hawkins. So!"

DETAILS FOR PURCHASING THE ESTATE ARRANGED.

We went thoroughly into the business of the purchase of the estate at Purfleet. When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, and had written a letter with them ready to post to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across so suitable a place. I read to him the notes which I had made at the time, and which I in scribe here:

"At Purfleet, on a by-road, I came across just such a place as seemed to be required, and where was displayed a dilapidated notice that the place was for sale. It is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones, and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates are of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust. The estate is called Carfax, no doubt a corruption of the old Quatre Face, as the house is four-sided, agreeing with the cardinal points of the compass. It contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by the solid stone wall above mentioned. There are many trees on it, which make it in places gloomy and dark. It is a deep, dark-looking pond or small lake, evidently fed by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away in a fair-sized stream. The house is very large and of old periods back, I should say, to medieval times. For one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron. It looks like part of a keep, and is close to an old chapel or church. I could not enter it, as I had not the key of the door leading to it from the house, but I have taken with my kodak views of it from various points. The house has been added to and altered in a very straggling way, and I can only guess at the amount of ground it covers, which must be very great. There are but few houses close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added to and formerly into a private lunatic asylum. It is not, however, visible from the grounds."

(Copyrighted.)

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"The Things That Count."

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty-one and employed as a stenographer in a broker's office. For four months his son, who is six years older than I, has repeatedly asked me to go out with him. I have always refused, but recently I went to a theatre with him and to supper. All the other women were fashionably dressed and I felt embarrassed because of my plain clothes.

I am deeply in love with this man and he has asked me to marry him, but because of the difference in our social positions I fear that our marriage would be unhappy. Should I try to forget this man?

H. M. C.

It doesn't seem necessary for you to forget the man—but instead for you to conquer your own ambivalence. You didn't dream that you were one—did you? But that is exactly what all your worry about social position means. If you are ambitious, ready to learn and sufficiently modest and eager to recognize your fallings and try to correct them, marrying a man who has had greater social opportunities than that he had not, is not humiliating you. The things you do not mention are the attitude of this man's father toward your marriage and the state of your own affections. Of course I hope you are not contemplating a mercenary marriage. That would be a grave injustice.

Very Dangerous.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am puzzled; I have been corresponding with a gentleman for a year, but have never met him. We have grown fond of each other and exchanged photos. He wishes me to come part way to meet him, as he says he cannot get a longer leave from his work. Now, would it be proper for me to go?

Please advise me! I am very much worried. It means a great deal to me. He has been such a comfort to me and so kind. I don't think I ever could forget him. G. C.

I DO not want to spoil your possible chances of happiness by being conventional. But it is a very dangerous thing you are planning to do. I do not know you entered upon this correspondence. If it was through mutual friends who touched to each one of you for the other, that would make a difference. But, in any event, to go traveling across the country to meet a man of whom you know very little and whom you have never seen, is dangerous. Marriage is a serious thing, you know, and even if his intentions are what the world calls "perfectly honorable," you are still taking some tremendous chances.

## Our Best Society

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

The Man Who Has Faith Enough in Mankind to Give Emploument to ex-Convicts



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

LEGAL definitions of crime do not always cover the case of the criminal. Impulse is a less dangerous factor in the body of society than is the unscrupulous calculation, and the man who breaks a law usually has less of the criminal instinct at heart than has the man who manipulates it.

Trust, kind treatment and plenty of work accomplish more reforms than all the punishments in the world. We do not draw sufficient lesson from the fact that crime flourished broadcast in the days when men and women were hung for stealing sixpence. Society is slow to reform itself. Punishment is the easy way out.

Crime is largely determined by the relation between the rich and the poor. In a truly just society the school will take the place of the penitentiary and be all sufficient. As things are the released convict, whose penitentiary experience dogs his footsteps and stands between him and an honest living, is one of

the unrecognized responsibilities of the society which condemned him.

The man in the picture runs a successful enterprise. He understands men and has faith in his own judgments. Time has borne out his convictions again and curb their restless energy.

Many of these are very young men who have been tempted by the excitement of youth. Some are old ones who have fallen largely through their love of these dependent upon them. He is glad to lend a hand on the upward road where he can. He has had boys of his own and knows how hard it often is to again. He has found that he can safely trust the ex-convict who, with a sincere acknowledgment of the past, applies to him for honest work.

His heart is large and can comprehend the temptations of others. Men are more often weak than vicious, he finds, and in the course of his long business career he has learned that the greatest rascals never see jail.

This man is one of the world's builders and he belongs to its Best Society.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

## The Manicure Lady

"FOLKS are sure conserving

everything these days," said

the Manicure Lady. "I ain't

had a live customer for ten days.

I guess the men is even taking such

good care of their nails that they

don't need no manicure. Sure enough

this world combat, as Wilfred calls

it, has switched things around."

"I notice the difference, too," said

the Head Barber. "More safety razors

is being sold now than ever before.

I seen it in an ad, and it wasn't

pleasant Sunday reading for me, either.

And with a lot of my best customers gone to France, I

don't know what's going to come of it.

All but believe me, kid, if them boys that went to the front can stand it

we ought to—and not yelp none, either."

"That is spoke like a true patriot,"

George, declared the Manicure Lady.

"If all the gents was like you, it

would be easy enough to go sailing

along, jam or no jam. But they ain't

all like you; and so here I set, looking

sad and pensive out of the window

and dreaming of the days when Broadway

was Broadway, and the sun shone on a

million shiny finger-nails. Ah, George, them days has

went beyond recall!"

with a razor; and there I will end

my remaining days in peace and

plenty."

"You'd kinda miss the old pool-

room around the corner, George,"

the Manicure Lady reminded him.

"Many a time the old feeling would

come stealing over you to sneak

out and put a five spot on Avington

Jib in the fourth race, and then

what would you do, away off up

there in the country, where all them

Nature's Noblemen go around with

long whiskers and betting is a

thing unknown?"

"I thought of that, too," said the

Head Barber. "I could forget the

horses in time, kid, though I guess

it would be a long, hard job. But I

could do it, and maybe I would be

all the better for it. And I was

reading in a book up home that

folks living in the country felt

healthier and was a heap happier

than city folks, so maybe I'll give it

a whirl and settle down a long way

from the seashore. I used to like

the seashore, but I have dreamed

two or three times lately that some

battleships were lying to, or what-

ever it is they do out in a harbor,

and shelling little old Broadway."

"That's bunk, that kind of vi-

sions!" declared the Manicure Lady.

"I guess you better watch out what

you eat for dinner after this, George.

You're about the last gent I ever

thought would get nervous about

anything except a thrilling fish at

Belmont Park. Well, as Brother

Wilfred was saying the other night,

these are the days that try men's

souls, and us girls can get a good

line now on the right gent to plink

for a lifemate."

"The plinking will be getting poorer

and poorer if this jam keeps up,"

said the Head Barber. "But one

sure thing, kid, there will be a lot

of titles to be had cheap for such

girls as wants to marry that kind.

This war is going to put the kib-

bosh on dukes and earls, take it

from me!"

"I might have married a earl,"

said the Manicure Lady, "but after

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